



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## RECOGNITION.

By JOHN ALBEE.

Led by the thread which destiny unrolls,  
Before our eyes have seen or ears have heard,  
We feel the presage of familiar souls  
And all our being is with longing stirred.

Partly I saw but more I felt her fair.  
Such brows of gleaming white! and gleamed as well  
Her ear transparent half hid in her hair,  
As shines in seaweed a small rosy shell.

Was any hope or fear in her begun  
That raised her eyes and breathed through all her breast?  
Ages ago her soul with mine was one,  
Nor even halved by a corporeal vest.

At last the hour was come in which I sought  
To cross her path, borne on by Fate's design;  
But, held by all the power of subtle thought,  
I only told her eyes what shone through mine.

How soon with one quick thrilling glance she turned!  
How well she knew this late, this old embrace!  
The spirit's legend in the strange light burned,  
And all the past was easy to retrace.

Our life's dark paths all lead one certain way;  
Love draws us on to all that is our own;  
We think we miss so much—so oft we lay  
Our hearts in hands that leave us still alone.

So many things just hint the real thing.  
Too long I dallied with a phantom face  
That only taught me how this soul to bring  
Nearer to thine and its appointed place.

---